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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1900.

No. 24.

First Love.

ST. D. M. '01.

IN the year's youth the sweetest flowers bloom;
Ere the biting winds are fast within the north
The reckless crocus from the sod starts forth,
And rue and primrose burst from nature's womb.
Betimes, like these, doth fond affection come;
Deepest ere reason knows to measure worth;
The heart alone takes part in love's first birth,
And rends its carnal walls to grant love room.

Lost One, my passion early was begun,
And though I know not if thou yet survive
The joys and cares of life, or doth rejoice
In heav'n, my love for thee is never done,
Nor can it end; no matter how I strive
I ever see thine eyes and hear thy voice.

The Medea of Euripides.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

EURIPIDES, like Shakspeare, delights in taking some strong and deep passion of the human heart to set up as a picture before his spectators, that they may see the many evils brought upon mankind by allowing these forces to go beyond the bounds of reason. As in Macbeth the basic motive is ambition to become King of Scotland, in Othello jealousy of the best of wives, in Hamlet revenge for the murder of a father, so in Medea it is revenge for her husband, the unfaithful Jason. Shakspeare, however, has never presented a character so fierce and revengeful as Medea, nor would Euripides have depicted her in all that wildness of character and unsoftened fierceness of barbaric nature had she been brought up under the refining

influence of Grecian civilization and manners.

Still, fierce and horribly tragic as Medea is, if we compare the causes that led her to those murderous deeds with the causes that led Lady Macbeth to similar deeds, we shall find that Medea had some excuse for hers, while Lady Macbeth had none. Medea was abandoned by a man for whom she had left home, friends and country; a man to whom she had been married several years, and upon whom she depended for sustenance and happiness. Lady Macbeth lived in friendship with her husband, and had at her disposal everything that was necessary to make life enjoyable.

This play is the most tragic of all the tragedies of Euripides; and it is perhaps owing to a reflection upon this that Aristotle styled Euripides the most tragic of poets. We can resolve the tragedy into seven acts by making the different odes sung by the Chorus correspond to the dropping of the curtain upon the modern stage at the end of the different acts. The Chorus, however, had a deeper significance in the Greek drama than that of singing interludes. Its function was of a religious nature; for as soon as it was apprised of the existing evils it supplicated the gods to set matters right, sympathized with the suffering party, and philosophized upon man's departure from the principles of truth, justice and right conduct. It also gave unity to the play by binding together all the scattered details into that singleness of impression which we find in works of art.

To read now or listen to the horrible deeds of crime and murder in ancient dramas would certainly be very repugnant to our feelings were it not for the fact that the persons there represented are clothed in the vesture of myth, and appear dimmed in the perspective of distant ages of antiquity.

Medea was a Colchian princess with whom

Jason fell in love when he went from Iolcus to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. Like her aunt Circe, she was gifted with magic power, and used it in assisting Jason to accomplish his perilous tasks. She eloped with him to Iolcus where she persuaded the daughters of old King Pelias to put their father through a magical process of rejuvenation under her direction. The experiment was not successful, and instead of the old king's life being prolonged it was shortened. Jason, who was then the rightful heir, ascended the throne of Iolcus, but the inhabitants, enraged on account of the murder of the old king, banished Jason and Medea. They fled to Corinth, where Jason rose in favor with King Creon, and received the hand of his daughter Glauce in marriage.

Jason then found that he had one wife too many, but preferred to cling to the royal house and divorce his barbarian spouse, notwithstanding the fact that she had made him the father of two children. The manner in which Medea received this insult gives rise to the action of the play, throughout which we see an excessive love transformed into the most violent hate and desire for revenge.

The scene is laid at Corinth before the royal palace, and the first act begins with a prologue by Medea's nurse who goes out of the house, as it were, to relieve her heart by making known to the heavens the misfortunes of her beloved mistress. Giving vent to her feelings in the most pathetic words, she wished that the *Argo* had never touched the Colchian shore, nor the pine fallen on Mount Pelion that furnished material for its construction. Then her mistress would not have become enamored of a man, who by breaking his marriage vows, now causes her to melt into tears, fasten her eyes continually upon the ground, refuse to eat, and remain like a speechless rock when spoken to by friends.

The pedagogue, who is bringing Medea's two children from school, hears the nurse soliloquizing, and inquires what the nature of her trouble is. A dialogue ensues in which he tells her that he heard King Creon was about to banish Medea and her children from his dominions. The nurse, who was acquainted with her mistress' disposition, feared that this second calamity would be too much for Medea's wild and unbridled nature to bear. She advised him to keep the children away from their mother, saying that she saw her casting dreadful glances at them.

Medea then appears bewailing her misfortune and wishing that she were dead. She sees no advantage in a longer life, and measuring revenge according to the intensity of her sufferings, resolves to kill Jason, his children and the royal family. The nurse pleads with her to spare the innocent children who had no hand in their father's guilt, but Medea remains immovable in her determination. The Chorus, which in this play is composed of Corinthian women, closes the first act by inquiring of Medea the causes of her grief, and thereafter it sings an ode to Zeus, begging him to set the evils right.

In the second act Medea tells the Chorus that she should not be blamed for crying and acting as she has done, since Jason had abandoned her, and was now bestowing all his affection and attention upon Glauce, the king's daughter. Women are the most miserable of beings, since they must give immense dowries to their husbands, and receive in return nothing but tyrannous masters. They tell us that we can live comfortably at home, while they must take the spear into battle; but I would rather fight three battles than suffer the throes of childbirth once. Now I am bereft of home and kindred, and insulted by the man for whom I gave up everything; but I will avenge the insult upon him.

King Creon next appears commanding Medea to depart from his dominions with her two children. She begs him to give her just one day to prepare; but as soon as her request is granted and Creon had left the stage she began to deliberate how to kill him and his daughter—whether by drug, fire or dagger. Then suppose they were dead, where should she go? That matters not so long as she shall be victorious, and be not laughed at by her enemies. Helios, her grandfather, may send her aid, and if not she will plunge the dagger into her own breast. Another choral ode is sung in which astonishment is expressed at the departure of justice from the earth and the slight regard which men have for oaths.

The source of hallowed rivers upward flows,
And backward wrenched is justice and all things.

The entrance of Jason starts the third act. He does not know that Medea is plotting his death, but he knows that she is frantic with rage against him, and he tries to assuage her by wretched excuses that reveal the character of a heartless villain. He tells her that this is not the first time he saw her angry, and that it was her own violent temper that urged

the king to banish her. Although she had called himself a very bad husband, he did not take it ill of her, but pleaded with the king to allow her to remain, and now he would give her any aid she needed going into exile. Medea scornfully rejected his offer. She reproached him with being the worst of husbands, and related all that she had done for him when he came to her father's house. The Chorus ends the scene by a beautiful ode on the evils that grow out of excessive love.

The fourth act is opened by Ægeus, a king of Athens, who chanced to be on his way home from Delphi whither he had gone to consult the Oracle as to how he might become a father. After saluting Medea he asked the cause of her grief. She concealed nothing except her designs of revenge, and the sympathetic Ægeus assured her under oath that he would protect her at his palace in Athens against her enemies. The climax is now reached. Medea becomes confident of victory, apprises the Chorus of her intentions, and makes the plea for her departure into exile the murder of her children and not the royal edict. The Chorus ends the scene by commenting upon Medea's intended flight to Athens, and expresses astonishment that so wicked a woman as she is can find refuge in that sacred city.

In the fifth act Jason comes in response to a message from Medea, who now feigns sorrow for her past conduct, begs forgiveness, and praises him for marrying the king's daughter. At first she blamed him without reflection, but when she considered the honor, wealth and influence that he was acquiring by such a step, then did her foolishness show a wonderful contrast to his prudence. She is willing to go into exile, but first wishes to send a beautiful bridal robe as a present to Glauce that she might intercede with the king to allow the children to remain. Jason was thrown completely off his guard by thinking that Medea had returned to a right state of mind, and he began to praise her. In his company she dismissed the two children to the king's daughter with the fatal robe which she had secretly poisoned. The Chorus then comments upon the treacherous gift, saying that its dazzling brightness would so captivate Glauce that she would not hesitate to try it on, and thus clothed make the bridal robe serve her entrance into Hades.

The pedagogue appears in the beginning of the sixth act, telling Medea that Glauce was

pleased with the present, and that the children would be allowed to remain. Medea seems to have given up the intention of killing Jason, and prefers to deprive him of his children so that he might feel his misery more keenly in old age. A great struggle takes place within her before she nerves herself to the awful deed, and herein we see that Euripides did not portray a monster, but a woman driven to mad desperation by unbridled passion:

Ah! wretched me that then had hope when you
Were born that you would care for me when old;
But now that thought so sweet before has fled,
Yet life to me bereft of you is death.

Alas! what shall I do? My heart gives way,
For when I see my children's sparkling eyes
I must forbear. Away my former plans!
To exile with me shall they come, for why
Should guileless children share their father's guilt?
Then twofold greater would my sufferings be.
I'll none of that. Begone such foul designs!

A messenger all breathless rushes upon the stage bidding Medea to flee. She asks him what the matter is, to which he replies that Glauce and Creon are dead. This was very pleasing to her, and she asks him to relate the manner in which they died. He tells her that Glauce putting on the robe went to a mirror and was there gazing upon her image when suddenly her nerves became unstrung so that she leaned upon the throne for support, but her body became a burning flame, and falling prostrate she died in the most painful torture. Her father suddenly coming in was shocked at the sight of his dead daughter. He fell upon her neck and kissed her, but when he tried to rise he could not, and thus died in the same manner as his daughter.

The cries of the children are heard behind the scenes, and the Chorus, commenting upon the hard-heartedness of Medea, ends the sixth act.

The last act is the most tragic of all. Jason hurries madly upon the stage to save his children whom he thinks the Corinthians are about to destroy in revenge for the death of King Creon and his daughter; but great is his surprise to learn from the Chorus that they have been slain by a maternal hand. Jason suddenly shows deep love for the children. His fatherly feeling is seen for the first time; for we remember how indifferent he was toward them when Creon ordered their banishment. He bursts open the door only to see their dead bodies borne aloft with Medea in the dragon chariot which Helios had sent to

her rescue. Jason upbraids her with being a most cruel wretch, fiercer than a lioness, and most hateful to gods and men; but she retorts that he may call her what he will, she has taken revenge and thwarted him in his expected bliss. He begs the bodies of the children for burial, but she reproaches him for his newborn love to them. She will not suffer her children's graves to be torn up and insulted by the Corinthians, but will herself bury them in the temple of Hera.

The chief merit of the play, from a dramatic standpoint, lies in the deep passion of Medea, the intense pathos of the nurse, and the charming choral odes. All the interest centers around Medea; but while we sympathize with her on account of her misfortunes we can not from a moral standpoint approve her course of revenge. Jason is certainly not a noble but a selfish, unprincipled character for whom we have no sympathy; and whatever befalls him we feel inclined to say that he deserves it.

In the plot there is unity, simplicity and clearness, but some improbability appears in the fourth act where Ægeus suddenly comes upon the stage at a time when Medea was deliberating where to go after taking vengeance upon her enemies. Professor Moulton explains that scene by the dramatic motive of Destiny which is very prominent in Greek tragedy especially in "The Seven against Thebes" of Æschylus, and "Œdipus Rex" of Sophocles. Aristotle blames this supernatural intervention at the close; and Horace seems to have had this play in mind when he was laying down dramatic rules for the Pisos:

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

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Thomas Gray.

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PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.
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Thomas Gray was born at Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a pawnbroker and notary public. Gray is charged with a taciturn disposition, but this was caused by his early surroundings. His father was a man of violent temper and narrow minded, and these, added to a deep hatred for all that was good, rendered him only too often insane. His mother was the opposite, however, and to her the poet owes all that was noble in his character and amiable in

his nature. He keenly felt her sufferings all through life, and spoke and wrote about her as the true type of the heroic in woman. The epitaph on her tomb at Stoke Pogis speaks of her as "the tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Soon after the birth of Thomas, his father deserted the family and died on the Continent about the year 1742. Mrs. Gray supported her son by keeping a millinery shop with her sister, Jane Antrobus, but soon her two brothers came to the rescue and sent Thomas to Eton College. Here he met Horace Walpole, the son of the Prime Minister. In the year 1734 he went to Cambridge, and after a short time he registered as a fellow commoner in Peterhouse College, where his uncle, Robert Antrobus, was head master. Here he remained four years, the intimate friend and constant companion of young Walpole. He left Cambridge the year of his graduation, 1737, but without taking his degree, and remained a short time at home, with no thought on a plan for the future. Luckily, however, Walpole proposed a trip on the Continent, and the next three years were spent in France and Italy. Here a misunderstanding arose between the friends that seemed to blight the prospects of the future poet. Gray returned to England alone, in the autumn of 1741, and the next year he wrote the "Ode on Spring," "Ode on Eton College," "Hymn to Adversity," "Sonnet on West," and began the "Elegy." Early in this year his father died, and in a short time his bosom friend, Richard West, was laid "to rest in Parkham Church." These two sad events, added to his estrangement from Walpole, seemed to crush Gray's sensitive nature. It is true it helped to deepen his vein of poetry, but it did not stop its glow. He dropped his English verse for awhile, and poured out all his grief in Latin hexameters. But in the Latin language, though he loved it deeply, he could find no consolation. "I have to knot and file down and cut off my thoughts to make them fit this mould," he wrote. In the fall of 1742, Walpole got a manuscript copy of the "Hymn to Adversity," and it is said that these last three lines brought about a reconciliation of the most intimate kind that remained till the death of Gray in 1771.

"Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are to feel, and know myself a man."

Gray was a profound scholar; he spent his

whole life in deep study. He was well versed in all the ancient and modern languages, in history, archæology, the natural sciences, music and philosophy; but he had a natural antipathy to mathematics. It may be remarked that this branch of study prevented him from taking his degree at Cambridge. "Must I pore over Mathematics," he said; "alas! I can not see in it too much light. I am no eagle. It is possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate that ever so clearly."

He has given us but a few poems to judge him by, and these are of a kind from which we can form no just opinion of his ability. He gave too much time to study; he spent days and days over dusty old volumes in the university library, and he seemed to have a greater tendency toward the sciences than toward poetry. His whole life was one long sickness; he was an old man at twenty-five; and he never realized that he had done little till two days before his death—the truth is, he never dreamed he was going to die at fifty-six.

He was truly sensitive; but he was not the poet of impulse like Keats; neither was he sentimental like Byron, or destined to depend on unnatural inspiration like Shelley. His muse was slow; and he was too great an artist to allow his poems to be faulty in the least: he loved to polish and polish till every trace of the rough edges had disappeared. In this regard he was too severe with his own work, and this ended in an almost excessive result of allowing nothing to come before the public. In other words, he had the genius, but he was too modest. In writing to Walpole, in 1768, he said: "If I do not write much it is because I can not."

The critics of Gray's time seemed to see in him a monstrosity; no two of them agree in saying that he was either good or bad. Johnson said he was "a man of letters who read for his own amusement." Adam Smith says: "Gray joins the sublimity of Milton with the grace of Pope." In a certain sense we may call Gray the precursor of the Romantic School. The "Elegy" met with a grand reception at its first appearance, but everyone was surprised at its form; it was so unfamiliar, so unlike the long-drawn couplets of Pope and Dryden. It is by this poem that Gray is best known, though it is by no means his best. Immediately after its publication, when the people were enraptured with it, he told his friend, Dr. Gregory, that it would have done

the same if it had appeared in prose. This, however, is saying too much, for the "Elegy" is an unique lyric poem, still it does not merit all the praise it has received since its birth. The poem was suggested in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis in the year 1742 when Gray's uncle was buried there; but it was not completed till the poet again visited the graveyard when his aunt was buried there in 1749.

Gray is the only English poet that could have written an "Elegy." Pope is too playful; Collins is too rhetorical; Byron has not enough of pathos; Shelley, and even Keats, could not help bringing in their subtle imagination, and marring the whole effect. The elevated sense of melancholy gives us a true picture of the poet's character. He describes himself: "Low spirits are my constant companions. They get up with me and go to bed with me; they often even force a feeble laugh with me, but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world."

In Gray's letters we see a healthy sense of keen wit, not that mean and epigrammatic kind that hurts. During his college life he was the intimate friend of an old master, Dr. Roger Long, who was full of eccentricities and endowed with a violent temper. This old man was very fond of exercising his inventive genius on flying machines, and he spent much of his time in a water velocipede, splashing about in an artificial basin, which was reserved for fish in front of Pembroke Hall. He also built an aviary—a basket-like affair—in one of the towers, in which he spent hours at a time viewing the heavens, heedless of the mocking undergraduates. This old gentleman was the subject of many of Gray's letters; he wrote of him time and again, but never with the least sign of sarcasm. Writing to an old student he describes Mr. Long: "Our wild goose remained all day in his basin. The High and Mighty Prince Roger, surnamed the Long, Lord of the Great Zodiac, the glass Uranian and the Chariot that goes without horses."

It is pleasant to think of him among his chosen friends—Walpole, Chute and Mason, strolling down his modest garden to the Thames, or roaming alone over the hidden graves in Stoke Pogis churchyard. His inner life seemed to be one of sorrow, while his friends saw nothing but that pleasant quietude that poets often write about but seldom experience. We can not call him a great poet, but he will take his place among the foremost lyric poets as long as Englishmen shall live.

Varsity Verse.

TO THE SHAMROCK.

O EMBLEM of the faith divine,
Of old for Tara's pagan king,
Wert thou from God a potent sign;
To faith didst thou a nation bring.
As a flood of light at break of day,
O'erspreading every glade and glen,
The gloom of darkness drives away,
And lo! the day appears again.

V. D.

AD VIRGILIUM.

(CAR. XXIV., Lib. II.)

What end or limit can there truly be
Of longing for so dear a friend as he?
O Muse, of matchless voice and lute Jove-given,
Instruct me to bewail that friendship riven.
Does Quintilius, then, forever sleep?
Though Chastity unending vigils keep
With Faith inexorable and Truth light-clad,
Yet like of him will never more be had.
Yes, fallen has he, mourned by the best,
Still dearer to thee, Virgil, than the rest.
Of gods, with fruitless love, thou dost demand
That him entrusted to thee they remand.
Wert thou to make more pleasing melodies
Than Orphic lyre once listen'd to by trees,
Yet life would still refrain from empty shades,
For once with sceptre hewn near darkest glades,
Thus to the Fates didst Mercury reply:
"All pleadings for the shades you'll nullify."
'Tis hard, alas, how hard! Yet to endure
Mitigates the pain we may not kill nor cure.

V. D.

WHEN MAUD IS MAD.

(Rondeau.)

When Maud is mad, then all's awry,
The cruelest look comes to her eye;
With crimson cheek, disdainful lip,
She turns away with angry skip,
Nor minds how penitent I sigh.

Then nights in sleepless state I lie,
And swear that I don't care if I
No more of Love's sweet nectar sip,
When Maud is mad.

But when she coyly draws me nigh
By gentle manners, winsome, sly,
Away my troubles some way slip.
Again Love's chains make tight their grip,
And still I'm sad—she wonders why?
When Maud is mad.

F. F. D.

PARTING.

Thou goest thine, and I go mine—
Other ways we wend;
Many days for many ways,
Ending in one end.
With a divergent song to us belong,—
Many a road and a roadside inn,
And lands to roam, but one heart-home
For all the world to win.

P. J. D.

The King's Return.

JOSEPH P. SHIELS, 1900.

Willie Jenkins had been king of Boyville ever since the day he had had a "stand-off" fight with Jack Stanton, his predecessor. They fought for fully half an hour, and though Willie had blackened his opponent's eye, and made his nose bleed, Jack continued to wave his arms in the air until some of his friends threw up the sponge, and pulled Willie away. After this fight Jack could never hope to rule the boys again, so he became one of Willie's faithful followers.

Willie was a brave but severe chief, and as a result, there were many large boys in the "kid's gang" that year, for he would tolerate no faint hearts about him. If one of the boys could not or would not follow the leader, or if he took a stump from anyone, he would be immediately dismissed. The bonfires which had decreased in size toward the end of Jack's reign, blazed higher and brighter than ever before. Not a gate in the neighborhood remained upon its hinges on St. Valentine's or election night; and the deeds of daring performed by the "Jenkins gang" that year put to shame the time-honored tales of the oldest inhabitants.

One day a strange family moved into a house in Boyville, and before long the boy of the house made his appearance upon the street. Willie was playing marbles with some of his friends at the time, and did not notice the new-comer who stood aside watching the game. Suddenly the strange boy stooped and snatched a handful of the marbles from the ring. He did not run away at once, but remained there with a defiant smile on his face. Such a thing had not happened in Boyville since Willie became king, and he immediately took measures to prevent a recurrence.

"Say, fellow, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed Willie, as he struck him on the mouth. "Where'd you come from anyway? You'd better git home or you'll git hurt."

The boy dropped the marbles, and stopped for a moment, trying to keep back the tears that sprang to his eyes; then he muttered something about Willie, turned away and ran home. His sister met him in the yard and asked him what had caused his swollen lip.

"A boy out there on the street hit me."

"But, Harry, what did you do to him?" asked Clara.

"I just played grabs on his marbles for fun," said Harry.

"Was that all! Well, don't cry Harry. I'd just like to see that boy some day!"

Not long after this, Willie Jenkins was playing ball in a vacant lot when Clara passed by.

"Say, she's all right, ain't she?" he remarked.

"I wonder who she is!"

"Her last name is Nelson," was the answer.

"She's a sister to that kid you punched the other day. His name is Harry."

"Oh! is that who she is?" exclaimed Willie, and he began to repent of having struck that boy. "I wonder why he never comes around near us?"

"I guess he's afraid you'll kill him," replied one of the faithful followers.

It becomes rather tiresome for a youngster to stay about the house all day when he had no other boys to play with, so before the end of the week Harry was out on the street again. This time he was more cautious. He approached the marble ring, looking as if he would like Willie and the other boys to forget what had happened and let him live in peace for the rest of his days. While he was standing apart from the crowd Willie saw him and called out:

"Do you want to play with us, Harry?"

"I should say so," answered Harry, with a doubtful expression on his face, which soon gave way to one of pleasure when he saw that Willie was in earnest.

"Well, come on over then. I'll let you take some of my marbles, and if you are a good player we'll go into partnership."

They played for some time, and when the game was finished Willie took Harry by the arm and walked down the street with him. The other boys did not understand the meaning of this manœuvre; but they did not dare to follow the leader this time, however, so they sat down to talk the matter over. The decision of this court of inquiry was that their chief was no longer capable of "running this here gang."

Willie was seldom seen with the other boys after this; he was either out walking with Harry or playing some game in Harry's yard. Sometimes Clara would join them in their sports, and then Willie would do everything to please her, even "selling" the games to her. He did not care for the other boys now, and they soon lost all their former fear of him.

One day when Clara and Willie and Harry were sitting together under a tree in the yard, Harry suddenly exclaimed, as if recalling a pleasant thought: "Willie, do you remember the day you punched me for picking up those marbles?"

Willie blushed and said, "Yes, but I didn't mean to hurt you, Harry."

Clara turned round and looked at Willie.

"Did you do that to him, Willie Jenkins?" she cried.

Willie faintly answered, "Yes."

Clara jumped up from her seat and slapped Willie across the face, and then ran into the house. Harry took one glance at Willie, saw the ruin he had wrought and the fire in Willie's eyes, then he followed his sister as quickly as he could.

Willie arose after a few minutes and walked toward the old rendezvous of the boys. There were a number there that day who will never forget the time the king came back to claim his own.

Pompeii.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01.

In the soft Campania, near the base of Vesuvius and three miles inland from the Bay of Naples, stands what remains of once beautiful Pompeii.

Seventeen hundred years ago during the reign of Titus, the illustrious and noble son of Vespasian, and for many years before, Pompeii, with her gardens, theatres, baths and forum was the rival in beauty of even Rome herself. Many scholars and statesmen of Rome found Pompeii a pleasant place of sojourn during the summer months. Sallust, the historian, built a magnificent palace there, and preferred to spend the heated term in Pompeii to accompanying the Emperor to Baia.

One awful night all the beauty and picturesqueness of this unfortunate city was utterly destroyed. The dreadful work of destruction began while the people were assembled in the amphitheatre rejoicing at the persecution of Christians. "A vast vapor shot up from Vesuvius immediately followed by a luminous blaze that shifted and wavered in its hues at every moment. Then a violent earthquake, subterranean sounds like thunder, the soil burning, the sea foaming, the heavens in a blaze—all calculated to fill every person with dread and consternation." The walls of the

amphitheatre trembled, and before the terror-stricken spectators could reach the street below, the roof came down with a crash bearing many beneath it. As the excited multitude hurried through the crowded streets houses tumbled down, and a continuous volume of cinders and lava poured into the city. The outpour lasted three days, at the end of which not a tower remained to be seen in the city.

For nearly eighteen hundred years Pompeii remained covered by a shapeless mass of stone and cinders, and during this long period the beautiful city, once the pride of its inhabitants, and indeed of Southern Italy, was wholly unknown. Its inhabitants—those that were fortunate enough to escape—set out for other ports and were heard of no more. All the treasures buried within the walls of Pompeii were not, however, to be entirely lost to mankind. In the latter part of the last century, when the people of the surrounding country were digging quarries they were startled one day by what appeared to be a battlement of a castle. Further investigation resulted in the discovery and eventually in the excavation of Pompeii.

In the course of the excavation many strange sights were seen by the excavators. Whole houses and streets were discovered. The streets were regular in form and the houses two stories in height and excellent specimens of the buildings of ancient Italy. In some of the houses the remains of feasts, olives and other delicacies were found on the tables. The walls of the coliseum that was building when the volcanic eruption occurred, were discovered just as they had been left by the workmen.

Throughout the city a great many skeletons were found. Most of them were in cellars whither the victims had fled only to be suffocated by the sulphurous atmosphere. Two hundred more were found in the Temple of Juno, and one was discovered in a terrace where by its side lay a key and a box of jewels. One of the skeletons found was said to be that of Pliny the Elder, who was suffocated before he could reach his ships after leaving them to investigate the eruptions, but that his body was found two days after his death is now generally admitted.

To go back to the eruptions, it seems remarkable that the immense stones and large amount of cinders and lava that were thrown into Pompeii did not destroy it entirely. The earthquake that preceded them and the violent

storm, almost equal to a tornado, that accompanied them appear sufficient in themselves to have annihilated the city. Then the number of years that the buildings remained covered should have produced decay. When the Roman city, Lina, in England, was excavated the foundations of the buildings and the streets were found, but no trace of the buildings remained. This fact, however, may be accounted for probably by reason of the materials used in the construction of buildings in the respective cities. In Sylchester, called Lina by the Romans, the houses were constructed of wood and metal, while most of those in Pompeii were built of stone.

The history of Pompeii is strange almost beyond conception, but it is undoubtedly true. The fact that its destruction occurred when the Christians were being mercilessly persecuted, and when its inhabitants had become morally depraved, is worthy of note. About this time the priests of Isis—an order founded in Egypt, and like many of its institutions shamefully corrupt—looked after the spiritual interests of the people. The order was noted for its greed of money and its licentiousness, and the mere fact that they were received into the city is sufficient evidence of its depravity.

The Modern Newspaper.

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

The announcement made by the author of "In His Steps" that he is going to run a Topeka (Kansas) paper as Jesus would run it, and the subsequent announcement made by a newspaper publisher in Atchison—the same state—that he intends to the best of his ability to run his paper in future as the devil would run it, furnish somewhat startling examples of what is called modern newspaper enterprise.

As to the first of these announcements, while it is undoubtedly a remarkably successful means of advertising, as shown by the orders for tens of thousands of copies which have poured into Topeka in such numbers that it was stated a few days ago that the Topeka presses would be unable to supply the demand, still out of reverence for the high ideal of the publisher one would hesitate to say that the caption "As Jesus would Do," is to be used merely for advertising purposes. And yet, perhaps it may be permitted to doubt whether our Lord would sanction this effort on the

part of the Rev. Mr. Sheldon to elevate the moral tone of the modern newspaper. That it needs elevating is beyond dispute; but more of this anon.

With regard to the second announcement there is no room for doubt as to the intentions of the publisher. His sole aim is confessedly to extend the sale and increase the profits of his paper. At any rate, if he has any other motive, let no one so far forget the obligations of Christian charity as to attribute to the enterprising newspaper man anything more harmful than the innocent and entirely legitimate desire to acquire wealth. Surely no one can believe that even an up-to-date newspaper man would be willing to hold nocturnal conferences with his satanic majesty merely for the satisfaction of witnessing the havoc that would be wrought in the domain of Christian morality by the publication of such conferences.

But it is beside the purpose of this article to give so much attention to this singularly new departure in journalism. It is mentioned merely to show how far the modern newspaper is at times wont to wander from the path of duty. And by duty is here meant only that which all newspapers profess to have taken upon themselves: namely, that of elevating the standard of public and private morals, of promoting education, of encouraging social and political reform, of fostering religion (?), and of increasing the happiness and prosperity of the public generally. Doubtless, they mean the reading public; for newspaper men are a unit in declaring that there is positively no hope for such as read not the paper. Here, too, is where the paradox begins.

Is it not a trifle difficult to see how a person is to be benefited by reading a paper that devotes whole pages to circumstantial accounts of prize fights, murder trials, divorce cases, and various other social scandals, and perhaps a scant column or so to "Among the Churches?" It is hardly possible for a reader's taste to be elevated by the perusal of a paper in the columns of which is displayed so decided a lack of taste as appeared the other day on the title-page of one of Chicago's leading dailies. In that paper, which does not differ essentially, in this regard, from other dailies, there appeared a half column account of a young girl taking the veil in a religious order in Chicago. The description, as everyone acquainted with the solemn and beautifully impressive ceremonies on such occasions

knows, could not help being beautiful. And in justice to the scribe to whose lot it fell to fill the half column, it must be said the account was really edifying. But as if to make amends to the lovers of sensationalism for giving so prominent a place to such a topic, there appeared in the same column a graphic account of a killing over a game of cards in a saloon; while an adjoining column was devoted to the details of a case in the New York police courts in which a celebrated actress was charged with an offence against public decency in the presentation of a play. Then at the top of the same page there was a disgusting cartoon that would hardly be tolerated in any other civilized nation.

It can not be said, in this particular, at least, that the newspaper publishers are actuated by a desire to meet the demands of the public; for this would be an open insult to the sense of good taste and decency of the public. Nor can this plea be urged as an excuse for the general make-up and contents of the modern newspaper. The editors themselves would be the first to object to this. For do they not constantly and persistently claim that they are the molders and framers of public opinion, and not its slaves? Yes, and they are right too, in a far larger degree than most persons are aware. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that public opinion is so poorly molded. Certainly, it bodes no large measure of good to the formation of that subtle and extremely fickle force in human society to have it understood that henceforth and hereafter the black prince of "Homer's Underworld" is to have a personal hand in the work.

It may be that this Atchison editor merits a more severe condemnation than this for his impiety; or perhaps in this age of doubt and scepticism he deserves praise for his unique position among his fellows as a professed believer in the personality of satan. One thing his action seems to demonstrate, namely, that the modern newspaper is builded upon a monument of audacity and conceit against whose colossal base the shafts of an outraged public are destined to fall as gently and as harmlessly as the patter of summer rain at the foot of the Himalayas.

The Day and Its Patron

No greater tribute could we pay,
No higher proof of worth is there,
Than that true Irish everywhere
Should celebrate St. Patrick's Day.—P. J. R.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 17, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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Reporters.

—Very Rev. President Morrissey delivers St. Patrick's sermon at St. Bernard's Church in Watertown to-day.

—The SCHOLASTIC desires to express the warmest congratulations from her many friends at Notre Dame, to Miss Eliza Allen Starr on account of the recent honor conferred on her by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. In recognition of the excellence of her latest book, "The Three Archangels and Guardian Angels in Art," His Holiness has sent to this famous art critic and authoress a beautiful medallion,—a reproduction of the painting, "The Immaculate Conception," in which the Blessed Virgin is represented as standing upon a serpent with the crescent moon behind, and a crown of twelve stars above her head. This signal honor, coming as it does to one of Notre Dame's warmest friends, one on whom the University officials were pleased to confer the Lætare Medal in 1885, is a source of much gratification to us all.

—In spite of misfortunes to certain members of our track team we succeeded in winning a very good second place last Saturday. The significance of this fact will not be fully real-

ized until it is remembered that heretofore we were looked upon as an one man team. Outsiders said that whatever Notre Dame won was won by "Track Team Powers," and it was predicted that without our champion we would sink into a very obscure place. Saturday's meet indicates that such remarks have little truthfulness in them. It is true that the absence of our famous captain was sorely felt, and that his presence would have won the banner for us; nevertheless, this very fact of his being away brings to light another fact, viz., that Notre Dame has other men whose ability must not be overlooked. Powers was indeed a whole team in himself, but he was not the whole Notre Dame team as our recent contest plainly shows. It is a credit to us too, that almost without exception every member of our present team was developed here. Bearing this in mind, and also the fact that our Captain and American champion, all-around amateur athlete will join his team here next year, other colleges may well begin to look to their laurels.

—If any persons failed to do their parts at the athletic carnival last Saturday, those were the rooters: Not a cheer was there for the Chicago men, not a cheer was there for the Illinois men, not a Notre Dame yell was there given until Corcoran had won his heat in the forty-yard dash. That is not a good report to make of the enthusiasm displayed at a college athletic meet, nor is it a fair report to make for Notre Dame. The fault is not with our men, but with our lack of organization. There was not a man present last Saturday that was not enthusiastic to the full extent, and that had not the best feeling toward the visiting teams. The trouble arose because we have no organized system of rooting, and we have no yell-masters. The lack of cheering last Saturday emphasizes the necessity of our organizing at once. And when we have organized let not our plaudits ring for the home team only. Although it is most satisfactory, and is the desire of all here to see Notre Dame win, still the proper spirit is to see the best men win; and when it happens that those best men are not our own, we should not fail to accord them a winner's ovation. It is only sportsmanlike to do this; and it should be our aim to have every visiting team leave Notre Dame feeling that they had received every courtesy from the students as well as from the athletes.

The Maroons Turn the Tables on Us.

Professor Stagg's track team carried away the honors in last Saturday's indoor meet, and made good whatever resolutions they may have taken to avenge last year's defeat. The tables were turned on us all around, for owing to Mr. Herbert's sprained ankle and Mr. O'Shaughnessy's hard work in the earlier part of the meet, neither of these men was able to enter the relay race, and that event was lost to us. However, by the majority of the students, our fine showing was regarded almost as highly as a victory because of the gameness and pluck with which everyone of our men stuck to his work and won points against great odds. Messrs. Sullivan, E. C. Pick and Steele, in particular, brought joy to the hearts of Notre Dame's supporters by their magnificent work. It had been generally conceded that Chicago would win and that we would finish second, though it was thought that the score would be somewhat closer. Notre Dame lost only one event that she had figured on gaining, and that was the forty yard dash. This was evened up, however, by winning the half mile which had been given to Chicago.

Very few Notre Dame men expected to win the relay race because of the disorganization of our regular relay team. Herbert was kept out by a sprained ankle, O'Shaughnessy was sick, and O'Brien was away from the University, thus leaving only Messrs. Corcoran and Murray of the regular team to compete. E. C. Pick, who has been

doing no running this session, but devoted his time to working on the field events, was put in Herbert's place, and he ran a splendid race, finishing very close to Moloney, Chicago's man. Considering the small amount of practice he has had and that this was his first appearance at relay work his running was a splendid exhibition. Tom Murray ran the second quarter close to Wellington's heels and made up some of the ground lost in the first



P. J. CORCORAN
T. J. MURRAY

M. J. HERBERT
M. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Notre Dame Relay Team.

quarter. Joe Sullivan ran for O'Shaughnessy, and though he lost ground he gave one of the best exhibitions of pluck ever shown by a Notre Dame athlete. After working all afternoon in the high jump, the pole vault and the broad jump, three events that would try

the strength of any athlete, he went in to run against Slack, one of Chicago's best men. For the first three hundred and fifty yards he held his own magnificently, but too much work told on him toward the finish, and Slack gave Moloney so great a lead over Corcoran in the last quarter that there was no possibility of catching him.

So far as the performance of the athletes was concerned, last Saturday's meet was a success. Chicago won because they had the best men, and their team was evenly balanced both in field and track. Slack, the Moloney brothers, and Manning were a very strong combination to work against on the track, while Schmahl, Lister, Pettet and Magee were the stars in the field events. They all won their events in clean style, and no one begrudged them the honor of carrying away the banner at the close of the meet. The final in the forty yard hurdles was between Manning, Moloney and Schmahl and was won in world's record time.

On the Notre Dame team Captain Corcoran was the star performer. His grand finish at the close of the 440-yard run was the feature of the meet. Martin O'Shaughnessy made a splendid race in the 220 and Tom Murray in the relay. Steele running the half mile in 2:10 holds the record for our track, and has the honor of making one of the best races ever run at Notre Dame. Martin Herbert deserves special mention for his working with a sprained ankle; even though he was unable to win a point. Butler also deserves credit for sacrificing his chances of winning in the mile in order to help his team-mate along. In the field events honors belong to Joe Sullivan, Eggeman and C. E. Pick.

Siler, Cayou, English, Miles and Keator were the best performers for Illinois. Cayou ran a splendid race in the 220, and if he had not violated the rules by getting out of his lane he might have secured first place. In the field events Keator easily held the lead.

The attendance at the meet was not as great as had been hoped for, and the "rooting," anxiously expected from Notre Dame's supporters, was disheartening. The only occasions on which our hard-working athletes received any recognition from their fellows was when one or another of them won a first place. The presence of the University band was the only thing outside the athletes that stirred up enthusiasm. Let us hope that our fellows will get together before the State Meet occurs on

Cartier Field and be prepared to cheer the men on. It will help greatly towards winning the championship. The summary of last Saturday's events is as follows:

Forty-yard dash—First heat: Slack, U. of C., won; O'Shaughnessy, N. D., second. Time, :05.

Second heat—Miles, U. of I., won; F. Moloney, U. of C., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Third heat—Corcoran, N. D., won; English, U. of I., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Semi-final heat—English, U. of I., won; F. Moloney, U. of C., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Final heat—Slack, U. of C., won; Corcoran, N. D., second; English, U. of I., third. Time, :04 4-5.

Mile run—Hurlbert, U. of C., won; Siler, U. of I., second; Read, U. of I., third. Time, 4:51.

High jump—Schmahl, U. of C., won; Keator, U. of I., second; Sullivan, N. D., third. Height, 5 feet 8¼ inches.

440-yard dash—Corcoran, N. D., won; W. A. Moloney, U. of C., second; Cayou, U. of I., third. Time, :54 1-5.

Pole vault—Magee, U. of C., won; Sullivan, N. D., second; Manning, U. of C., third. Height, 9 feet 9¾ inches.

40-yard hurdles—Manning, U. of C., won; F. Moloney, U. of C., second; Schmahl, U. of C., third. Time, :05 3-5.

Putting 16-pound shot—Eggeman, N. D., won; Lister, U. of C., second; Schmahl, U. of C., third. Distance, 39 feet.

220-yard dash—O'Shaughnessy, N. D., won; Corcoran, N. D., second. Time, :24 3-5.

Broad jump—Petitet, U. of C., won; Garrett, U. of I., second; Keator, U. of I., third. Distance, 21 feet 7½ inches.

880-yard run—Steele, N. D., won; Siler, U. of I., second; Hurlbert, U. of C., third. Time, 2:10.

Relay race—Chicago won; Notre Dame, second; Illinois, third. Time, 3:46.

Summary of points.

	Chicago	Notre Dame	Illinois
40-yard dash.....	5	3	1
Mile run.....	5	0	4
High jump.....	5	1	3
440-yard dash.....	3	5	1
Pole vault.....	6	3	0
40-yard hurdles.....	9	0	0
Shot put.....	4	5	0
220-yard dash.....	0	8	0
Broad jump.....	5	0	4
880-yard run.....	1	5	3
Relay race.....	5	3	1
Totals.....	48	33	17

Mount St. Vincent.

Mount St. Vincent, situated between St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Lakes, is the site of the new home for the Community of the Holy Cross. One wing of the building is completed, and this with portions of the old Professed House that were left standing, is now occupied by the members of the Order. The breaking of winter will see the work go forward for the completion of the building.

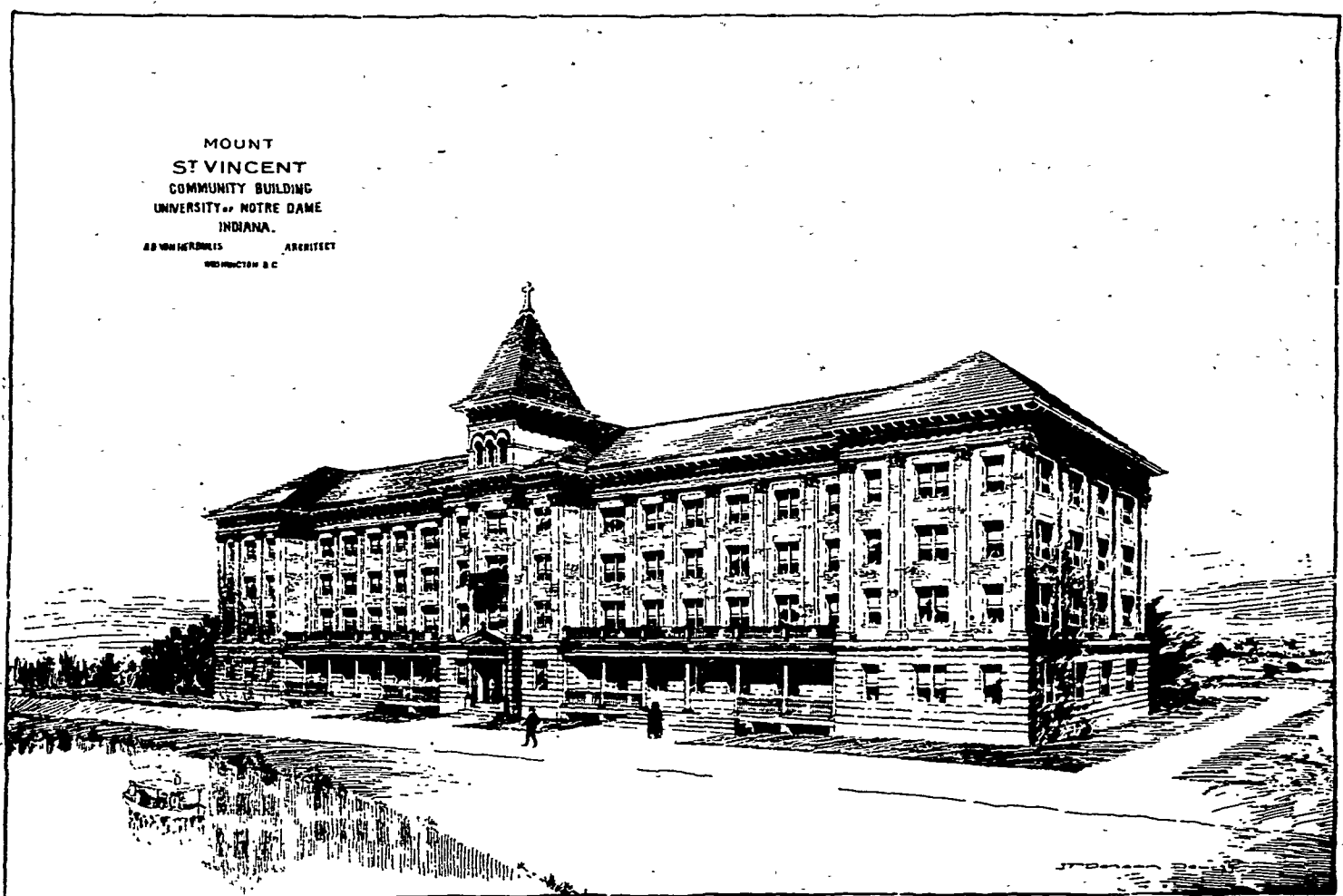
which, in point of architectural beauty, will rank first among the many handsome buildings that make up the stately city of Notre Dame. The building vacated by the Brothers for their new home is now a part of the complement of the University, and is known as Corby Hall. With the addition of this hall there are now seven separate dormitory buildings for the accommodation of the seven hundred and eighty students at Notre Dame. This arrangement of dormitories is unique among Catholic colleges, and it is one of the many advantages that Notre Dame possesses for the comfort and safety of its students.

Sorin Hall ranks in seniority among the

erected the hall during the jubilee year of the University.

Brownson and Carroll Halls are the pioneer dormitories of the University. They adjoin the main building at either side and occupy the entire wings. Their study-halls are located on the main floor. The dormitories occupy the second, third and fourth floors. These dormitories, six in number, can each accommodate sixty students. They are large, airy and well-lighted rooms. Carroll Hall leads all the halls with an attendance of one hundred and seventy-four.

St. Edward's Hall is a separate building arranged especially for the little fellows under



MOUNT ST. VINCENT.

group. The collegiate students in this hall have individual rooms. There are ninety odd rooms in the building, a few of which are sufficient in size to accommodate two. The number of students in Sorin Hall is ninety-five. The chapel occupies one wing on the first floor, while the law-lecture room is situated in the opposite wing. The reading and billiard room is located beneath the chapel.

Corby Hall is occupied by Freshmen and preparatory students. Here, as in Sorin Hall, they have rooms. The enrollment for Corby Hall is one hundred and twenty-seven. The building is a new one, and was named in honor of Very Rev. Wm. Corby, late Provincial, who

thirteen years of age. Four floors are devoted exclusively to them. Their class rooms, chapel, dormitories, recreation and reading rooms are complete in every way.

St. Joseph's Hall is one of the last college buildings erected. This hall is sometimes called the Manual Labor School, as a number of the young men in this hall are serving their apprenticeship in the trade shops connected with the institution.

Holy Cross Hall is quite removed from the other buildings, and stands on an elevation overlooking St. Mary's Lake. Here as in St. Joseph's Hall the dormitory system prevails, though some of the older students have rooms.

Personals.

—Mrs. M. V. Herbert and son, Master August K., visited Mr. Herbert of Corby Hall last Sunday.

—Mrs. Booth and daughter, Miss Lottie, were guests of Mr. J. P. Sherlock during the early part of this week.

—Mrs. Warder and daughter of Chicago visited here last Sunday, the guests of Mr. E. F. Warder of Corby Hall.

—Miss Katharine Powers and Mr. J. E. McNichols of Chicago were guests of Mr. John F. Powers of Corby Hall last Saturday and Sunday.

—Mr. Thomas Dooley of Chicago was one of the old students that came down to see the big track meet last Saturday. Mr. Dooley is at present engaged in the real estate business.

—Thomas T. Cavanagh, A. B. '97, a member of our graduate executive committee, came down from Chicago last Saturday to talk over the athletic situation and, incidentally, to attend the Triangular Meet.

—Adam J. Kaspar (student '95-'98) is at present engaged in business with the Durand and Kaspar Co. of Chicago. He was at Notre Dame last Saturday to visit his old friends and to cheer our athletes in their very creditable performance.

—Mr. Geo. H. Wilson (student '94-'98) visited his old friends at the University last Saturday. George was a member of the Varsity baseball team during two years of his stay at Notre Dame, and was very popular among the members of the team.

—Mr. Sherman Steele, Litt. B. '97, LL. B. '99, has been heard from in Indianapolis, and is rapidly forging his way to the front. He is one of three speakers to give addresses at the St. Patrick's Day celebration this evening. The other two men are Governor Mount and Mayor Taggart of Indianapolis. Mr. Steele was one of the speakers at the Robert Emmet banquet held in Indianapolis, and the daily *Sentinel* of that city speaks of his effort thus:

"Mr. Sherman Steele, a young lawyer of this city and a bright alumnus of Notre Dame, delivered a panegyric on Robert Emmet that fairly glistened with brilliant figures of speech and forceful oratory. In the course of a splendid tribute he said: 'To record the story of Emmet's life is not to tell of a conqueror leading great armies to battle, it is rather to record the glory of a man of the people seeking by an almost unparalleled self-sacrifice to lead his people, even though over rough and rugged ways, even through the carnage of battle, up to the enjoyment of perfect liberty, the right to worship God as their consciences dictated, the right to work out their destiny as a free people among the nations of the earth.'"

Local Items.

—The literary department of next week's SCHOLASTIC will be looked after by Messrs. Dwyer, Furry, McGinnis and Brogan.

—The Brownson "Rough and Tumble" basket-ball team won the championship from Carroll Hall last Wednesday evening, scoring three goals to their opponents one. Although reinforced by the battle-scarred veteran "Runt," the Juniors were out-played.

—Miss Anna L. Caulfield, the brilliant lecturer who addressed the students on the subject of the "Queen of the Adriatic" last session, will be here next Monday to deliver a lecture on the "Paris Exposition." The discourse will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

—The brilliant mind that first conceived the idea of tying pieces of string across the top of the baskets in Carroll Hall, should have thought a while before putting his idea into execution. It came near proving disastrous to his own team last Wednesday evening, but we hope he may learn a lesson from it and be more thoughtful in the future.

—The finals in the debating contest to determine who will be members of the preparatory debating team, that is to meet the South Bend High School team on March 31, were held in the Law room last Tuesday night. Messrs. Corley and Cameron of St. Joseph's Hall and Mr. Egan of Holy Cross Hall were the winners. We can safely rely on them to win for us when the day of the debate comes.

—The Hibernian Clan Consolidated Association of Notre Dame met recently and decided to give an entertainment in the Gymnasium, St. Patrick's Eve, 6.13 p. m. Following is the programme:

PART I.

(Up goes the curtain showing members grouped about in corners and cheering their president.)

Address—"The Day it is".....Pres. P. F. McGrath
(Applause quietly)

Song—"The Reason the Irish Win".....Gunzalus
Patrick X. Myers

(Spare him until the entertainment is over)

Duel with Oranges.....Nickel
C. J. Mulcrone.

(This young man had his voice cultivated by hot air)

Song—"Ireland Forever".....Roustabout
By the Foghorn Triplets—Hierholzer, Wurzer, Meyerzer
(When they finish all are requested to rise and sing
"Ach du Lieber," or something like it.)

Address—"When Potatoes Should be Eaten"—McNulty
(Hold on to your pocket books during this address. If
you lose yours, report it to the puller.)

Piano Recital—"The Bog Undug,".....Beethoven
C. J. Kidney.

(Owing to the absence of a piano, a comb and a piece
of paper will be used.)

Curtain. (This will be let down by the members.)

Owing to the scarcity of talent it has been decided to do away with part second. All are requested to go away quietly as soon as they have recovered.

—TO THE PRESIDENTS OF THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES AT NOTRE DAME:—At the beginning of the present school year the SCHOLASTIC published accounts of elections held in your societies, and in those reports mention was made of corresponding secretaries being chosen. In other years it was the principal duty of the men that were elected to that office to write up accounts of the various meetings held by their respective societies and hand these accounts to the SCHOLASTIC for publication. For the present year these secretaries—other than the Columbian man, who makes an occasional report—have failed altogether to give any account of their society meetings. Now if the presidents of these organizations desire any notice to be given them in our columns we suggest that they see to it that their secretaries fulfil all the obligations belonging to their office.

—“Jim” Blaaze is putting in most of his time these days rehearsing for a play to be given by himself in the near future. The eminent actor has a novel way of rehearsing, far different from the manner in which most of the other great actors of the present day prepare themselves for their rôles. As soon as he rises in the morning, he tickles himself three times behind the left ear. This produces three very discordant hee, hee, hee's, which are followed by three ha, ha, ha's, and so on, gradually increasing until his whole body is convulsed with laughter. When he recovers from this, he rushes down to the wash-room. There he places himself before a looking-glass and twists his nose, mouth, and eyebrows into every shape imaginable and unimaginable for fifteen minutes. This is followed by a stiff rub with a towel, somewhat in the nature of a rub down. Then he goes to the study-hall, says his prayers backwards, recites a few verses found in Shakspeare and elsewhere, poses before a looking-glass, and finally goes to breakfast. Hostilities are then suspended until three o'clock. At this hour he does the most of his rehearsing. Removing his shoes he tickles himself under the feet until large blisters the size of walnuts are formed; then he commences to giggle, gradually changing it to a laugh. When he finds himself laughing the loudest, he inserts a large pin into his neck, and immediately a wave of seriousness and deep earnestness spreads over his face. Then he replaces his shoes, and seizing the looking-glass makes grimaces and faces at himself until he is black and blue around the mouth. Another rub down with a handkerchief, and he repairs to the store where he watches the others eat. This is done only to get up an appetite. After this he wanders back to his old haunts where he reads verse after verse from Julius Cæsar. He usually reads these verses upwards, backwards, downwards, crosswise, lengthwise, and otherwise, until he

faints. This ends his day's work. The manner is indeed novel, and we are of the opinion that it would be followed by all other great actors if they were to receive notice of it.

—Two romantic young men in Sorin Hall, that were attracted by the fine moonlight last Saturday evening, went out toward the neighboring city to enjoy a quiet little stroll. Before they had returned to their quiet apartments they had a very hair-raising experience, and it will likely put an end to their quiet walks for the future. They did not notice how far their steps were leading them until they found themselves before the glaring lights from the shop windows in South Bend. Then, Joseph, he of the fascinating smile and lady charming gallantry, feeling somewhat a-weary of the long stroll suddenly remembered that he knew some South Bend *damoiselles*, and that it would be a pleasant way of resting a few moments to make a call on the above-mentioned ladies and introduce his friend “Georgie.” The evening was spent enjoyably, and when it grew near the time for departure a call was sent for one of Tom's rigs to bring the young men home. In the course of a few minutes the rig arrived; but when the two “skivers” were about to step into it they discovered a very mysterious package on the back seat. Instinct told them that it must belong to some one at the University, so they closed the carriage door and ordered another conveyance to bring them to Sorin Hall as quickly as possible, for fear they might be accused of meddling with the said package, and so be requested to give explanations on their arrival at the college. The carriage with the mysterious package moved on. The other carriage came quickly and passed the afore-mentioned carriage on the avenue.

When the boys arrived they were so elated over their discovery that “Georgie” started to make a memorandum of it on one of the trees near Sorin Hall. Joseph walked over toward the barn to see if the barn boss knew anything about it. In the meantime the carriage with the mysterious package arrived, and the package arose from the seat and stepped out the door, looking very much like the director of Sorin Hall. Georgie tried to play chameleon behind the tree, but his scarf pin refused to change color, and he was betrayed. One of the horses over in the barn recognized Joseph, and very ungallantly cried out: “How are you, Joe; pretty nice night ain't it?” And of course in making a courteous reply Joseph's identity was disclosed. Then the rector very kindly invited them to step in with him, and he told them a very funny story about two young men he saw down town doing a “hot foot” away from one of Millea's hacks, that they nearly entered by mistake.

—I was just passing ninety-six and heard a voice say: “Bill, I didn't enjoy the sleigh

ride as much as I should. You know, I made elaborate preparations. I almost felt like vegetating under such a garden of flowers. I assumed the dignity of the occasion, and although there was no band to play "Hail to the Chief" as I came forth, yet the measured stride with which I descended Sorin Hall steps showed that I felt what was expected of me. I was the last to come out to take my seat—etiquette requires this. I enjoyed everything until we turned on to Vistula Ave. That name is a big smear on your and my legal reputation."

"Well, Dupe, I told you you were making a mistake in that case."

"You told me! What business had you to tell me? Wasn't I senior counsel?"

"Yes, but see here, Dupe, was not I your associate? I watched Hoban and Monahan so they could not post the witnesses. You 'squealed' all right to the audience. They enjoyed you. But one of the jury was reading the sayings of Solomon, while you were speaking, and you must know how you and Solomon lined up."

"Do you think the audience enjoyed me, Bill?"

"Well, they all laughed at both of us. That's the best sign of enjoyment."

"Say, Dupe, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's get that page with Vistula Ave. on torn out."

"I wonder if we can?"

"Sure we can. I am acquainted with a girl that knows where the South Bend directory is published, and you know, Dupe, what a hit I make with the girls."

"Yes, you have a pretty strong drag with the girls, Bill."

"Say, I don't think we'd show up near so bad only for Campbell. If he had only done as we did, there wouldn't be any chance for the fellows saying why didn't we have some sense? The comparison is what killed us. I tell you, the next case in which I am attorney-at-law I shall write out a speech for each of my associates, and they must deliver it in court just as I do. That'll stop this business of comparison."

"Yes, but look here, Dupe, who can you get to deliver a speech like you?"

"Yes, that's so, Bill, that's another difficulty. Do you know, Bill, there never were words written that fitted two men better, and I was almost tempted to bring this to the attention of the audience when I played the character of the mighty Cæsar by saying 'I am always Dupe!'"

"Say, Dupe, that would have made a hit. I thought about trying to get to play Cassius in that play, but then again, I didn't like those words you said about my being lean and hungry. I was afraid the fellows might think you meant it."

"Say, Dupe, about that Vistula Ave. business, let's forget it."

Just then the light blinked and I left.

—Perhaps many have noticed the sudden change that has taken place in Edgar's actions and manners within the past few days, and are at a loss to account for it. For their benefit let it be said that this sudden change is the result of a dream. The other night after reading with feverish interest and with wide open eyes that interesting novel, "The Engineer's Triumph," or "Fighting Bandits among the Kopjes of the West," by Regé Bradibus de Carternick, our hero went to bed in a sadly disturbed state of mind. Would he become an engineer or a pig iron merchant? He asked himself this question two or three times, and failing to receive a response closed his eyes and endeavored to sleep. But sleep he could not. Every time he closed his eyes his imagination cut loose, and placed before his eyes cute little pictures of engineers, firemen, hobos, cabooses, red lanterns, porters, freight trains, stations, railroad crossings, pony engines, tickets, officials, etc., etc., always winding up with a life-sized photo of himself in the oil besmeared uniform of an engineer. Finally he fell asleep with the latter picture vividly before his eyes, and dreamed a very pleasant dream, but a very unpleasant one for his companions. In the first part of his dream he began his railroad career as a news butcher. From this he passed on to a section hand, then a section boss, afterward a porter then a fireman. He advanced rapidly through the various grades until he became conductor. At this point the dream appeared to him to be more of a reality than anything else and his neighbors' troubles began. With his powerful basso profundo voice he called out the names of those stations he remembered having passed through when a boy, either chasing butterflies or cows, and these names fell like thunderbolts on the ears of the poor, sleeping innocents around him. Some thought that the end of the world had come and tremblingly arose. Drachbar grabbed his suspenders by mistake for his beads and began to pray. Svensden recited passages from Shakspeare and fell under the bed. Myers seized his pocket-book and was about to jump out the window when he recollected that it was empty and then fainted. McGlue grabbed "Grinny" in one hand and "Duke de Kaki Frizz" in the other, shoved them into a water bucket and started downstairs. Half way down he met "Jim" Blaaze. Jim asked for a drink. Mac soaked him with the bucket; and now the bucket, its former contents, and the remains of "Jim" are on exhibition. During all this tumult our hero kept on thundering out the stations, Mud Creek, Battle Hill, Stump Town, Vinegar Corners, Oatsville, etc., but stopped suddenly—Mulcrone stopped him. Whether it was with a brick, a chair, or a pillow, Mulcrone can not say. At any rate, it was in a very effective manner as he disturbed no one for the rest of the night.